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Holt County Sentinel.

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YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleets,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weary to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver,
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with silent tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

The other day while a crowded train was stopping at a station near Lorain, Illinois, (we believe,) a handsomely-dressed and deliciously pretty lady sprang from the platform to the deck of one of the cars, and casting her glance, like an evanescent sunbeam, down the double row of passengers in the vehicle, suddenly fixed it, with an exclamation of delight, upon a good-looking, but shame-faced young man, who sat beside a handsome girl—apparently his bride—near the middle of the car. No sooner had he blushed beneath the affectionate gaze of the gushing young creature aforesaid, than she sprang to his side, and half-choked him in the embrace of her delicate arms, exclaiming, as she imprinted a warm kiss on his lightly feathered lip:

"Why, Fred, how do you do? And this is the dear little wife you wrote to us about?"

The "dear little wife" seemed to think this was coming it rather strong, and the way her eyes flashed was a caution to thunder-clouds. As for "Fred," he probably underwent more agony than ever before mocked the possible bliss of man encircled by pretty arms. The kissing lady was not to be overcome by the coolness of her reception, however, but again kissed the imprisoned bridegroom, as she hurriedly asked:

"But why don't you get off the train? Don't you know you've got home?"

The expression of wild despair that overspread the young man's face at this climax, and the condensed fury of his bridal partner's glance at the curiy head of her unexpected rival, were too much for the passengers. Everybody saw that there was some mistake and a laugh "went up from the assemblage," that made the car-windows and doors leap in their sockets. For the first time the pretty young discoverer of "Fred" seemed to notice that she was attracting attention, and, from a look of startled bewilderment, she suddenly burst into an April shower of tears, dropping her nose upon the agonized traveler's bosom-pin, and sobbed out:

"O, Fred, what does all this mean? Have you really forgotten me?"

"mystery" was soon explained; the affectionate girl was expecting her "brother Fred" home from California by that train, and the victimized (?) youth's resemblance to her auriferous relative led to the mistake.

Though somewhat disappointed, of course, the young lady took the matter gayly, and went laughing from the car, amid the irrepressible applause of all parties. The anguished bride, too, drew back the lower edges of her glove, and as the car moved off, she was seen to smile upon the blushed youth whom she had selected to buy new bonnets and thimble for her.

The Blessed.

Blessed is he who does not make a cent, for he will have no income tax to pay.

Blessed is the bald-headed man, for his wife cannot pull his hair.
Blessed is the homely man, for the girls shall not molest him; yea, thrice blessed is he, for when he shall ask a lady to dance, she shall answer him, saying, "I am engaged for the next set."

Blessed is he who polisheth his boots and not his morals, who maketh the outside of his head to shine, but neglecteth the inside thereof, for all the girls shall rise up at his coming and call him beautiful.

Blessed is the man who hath no brains, but brass in abundance, for he shall be the ladies' favorite. Selah.

Blessed is the man who giveth many costly presents to the ladies, for great shall be his reward in a horn.

Blessed is the man who is flat broke, for no man saith unto him "lend me five dollars."

Blessed is the Digger Indian, for unto him no man presenteth a subscription paper.
Blessed is the Chinaman, for when he is asked to contribute to a "good cause," he answereth saying, "me not sabe," and straightway the philanthropist leaveth him, and John goeth on his way rejoicing.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—This is one of those things of accident resting with nature. No man or woman can form their own persons, and none should be blamed on this head. The disposition of looking well is ruinous to half the young people in the world, causing them to study their glasses and paint or patch instead of pursuing that which is lasting or solid, the cultivation of the mind. It is always a mark of a weak mind, if not a bad heart, to hear a person praise or blame another on the ground alone that they are handsome or homely. Actions should be the test, and a liberal course of conduct pursued to all. It matters little whether a man is tall or short—whether the blood stains the cheek—or runs in another channel. Fashion makes the difference as to beauty. The lily is as sweet if not as gay as the rose, and it bears no thorns about it. As to appearance, fashion should not be allowed to bear upon that which cannot be changed except by deception, and what indeed in reality is not worth the trouble of being called so even if it could.

SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.—I want you, my young sinners, to kiss and get married, and devote your time to morality and money-making. Then let your homes be provided with such comforts and necessities as piety, pickles, pots and kettles; brushes, brooms, benevolence, bread, virtues, wine, and wisdom. Have these always on hand, and happiness will be with you. Do not drink anything intoxicating; eat moderately; go about business after breakfast, lounge a little after dinner, chat after tea, and kiss after quarreling. Then all the joy, the peace and bliss the ear can afford shall be yours until the girls close over you, and your spirits come to a brighter and happier world.

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Cleonthe asks if they shall meet again, to which he replies: "I have asked that great question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars, among whose fields of azure my raised spirit has talked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gazed upon thy living face, I felt that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Cleonthe."

Our Own Consequence.

We think of our own consequence; our talents, our entertainments. We think what a breach will be made when we die. We think of the mourners who will gather around us with broken hearts. We think of the solemn, sad procession that will go with us to the tomb; forgetting how seldom it is that the hearts of any considerable proportion in a funeral procession are serious and solemn at all, or care anything about the dead. We look at our own affairs and press them forward, as if everything else should give way to them, and as if the world had no interest so great that they may not be required to yield to our convenience.

Now, how contrary all this is to truth and reality, it is hardly necessary to attempt to show. Few will care about it when we die; and the world at large will care nothing, and know nothing about it. A very little circle of friends will be affected—as a little circle of water is agitated when a drop of water falls into the ocean. At the centre of that small circle of friends, there will be some deep emotion, and some tears of genuine grief will be shed; at a very little distance, the emotion will be fainter and feebler, at a point but a little more remote there will be none, and soon, very soon all the agitation there was will have died away as when the little drops of rain fall into the ocean—

The gay will laugh,
When that art gone, the solemn brood of care
Ploos on and each one as left we will share
His favorite phantom—Bryant.

A few friends will go and bury us; and then they will turn away to other concerns, forgetting that we are sleeping in the grave. Affection will rear a stone, and plant a few flowers over our grave—but the hand that reared the stone or planted the flowers will soon become unable to cut the letters deeper as they become obliterated or to cultivate the flowers—and in a brief period the little hillock will be smoothed down, and the stone will fall, and neither friend nor stranger will be concerned to ask which one of the forgotten millions of the earth was buried there. No "Old Mortality" will go to cut again those effaced words which told our name, and the time of our birth and our death. Every vestige that we ever lived upon the earth will have vanished away. All the little memorials of our remembrance—the lock of hair encased in gold, or the portrait that hung in our dwelling, will cease to have the slightest value to any living being, nor will even momentary curiosity be excited to know who wore that hair, or whose countenance is delineated there.

On my grassy grave,
The men of future time will careless tread,
And read my name upon the sculptured stone;
Nor will the sound familiar to their ears
Recall my vanished memory.—H. Kirk White.
—Rev. Albert Barnes.

Pretty Women.

An exchange allows itself to go into rhapsodies about pretty women. Without scarcely an effort it has arrived at the conclusion that a pretty woman is one of the angelic institutions of the country. She makes sunshine, blue sky and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicate roses, perfumes and beauty. She is a sweet poem, written in rare curls, choice calico and good principles. Men stand up before her as so many admiration points, to melt into cream and then into butter. Her words float around the ear like music, birds of Paradise, or the chimes of Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attraction, the church her firmest reliance, and the young men one of the very best of comforts and company. Her influence and generosity restrain the vicious, strengthen the weak, raise the lowly, flannel shirt the heathen, and encourage the faint hearted. Wherever you find a virtuous woman, you also find pleasant fireside banquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, music, light, and model institutions generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus of divinity, and her inspiration is the path of Heaven.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has issued instructions suspending such clauses of former regulations as required the assessment and collection of taxes on imitation whiskeys, brandies, gins, etc., directing that such taxes shall not be collected, except from specified instructions from Washington. The assessment and collection of duties on wine made of grapes, and on all other wines and liquors known to be made and denominated as wine, must continue to be made as provided for in the regulations.

THE OLD PRINTER.

BY C. W. McCLURE.

A PRINTER stood at his case one night,
In his office dark and drear,
And his weary sight was dim as the light
Of the mouldy lamp hung near;
The wintry winds were howling without,
And the snow falling thick and fast,
But the Printer, I trow, shook his locks of snow,
And laughed at the shrieking blast;
He watched the clock as the hands crept round,
Keeping time with its snail-like tick,
As he gathered the type with a weary click,
In his old rust-eaten stick.

His hairs were as white as the falling snow,
And silently, day by day,
He beheld them with grief, like the autumn leaf,
One by one "passing away."
Time had cut with his plow furrows deep in his brow,
His cheek was fevered and thin,
And his long Roman nose could almost repose
Its head on his gray-bearded chin;
And with fingers long, as the hours stole on,
Keeping time with the clock's dull tick,
He gathered the type with a weary click,
In his old rust-eaten stick.

For many long years, through joys and through tears,
The old Printer's time battered face,
Ghosts and lean, night and morn had been seen,
Earnestly bent o'er his case,
In a few years more Death will lock up his form,
And put it to rest in the mould,
And a stone on the spot where they lay him to rot,
Will tell us his name and how old;
And his comrades will light the old lamp by his side,
And list to the clock's dull tick,
As they set up his death with a solemn click
In his old rust-eaten stick.

An Affecting Incident.

Some three years ago, a young man, Gershom Rose, residing at Claypole's Mill, near Zanepole, in Muskingum county, enlisted in company "B," 78th O. V. I. He left a most affectionate and devoted mother, of whom he was the darling and the pride. For a long time past, she has not heard a word from him, as he was with Sherman's army, in its grand sweeping campaign through the South. She had almost given up her darling boy as lost. But unexpectedly, about ten days ago, a letter came from him, saying that a detachment of men from the 78th would start in a few days for Columbus, and he should come home with them.

The fond mother could hardly believe her eyes when she saw and read this letter. The news was too good to be true. It formed the subject of her thoughts by night and day. At length, on Saturday morning last, as she was out in the yard of her dwelling, attending to some household work, a neighbor called and stated that the expected detachment had arrived at Todd Barracks, and that her son was among the men. The full realization of the actual truth that her long-lost boy was so near home, was too much for the mother's physical frame. She fainted and fell. That loving heart throbbled violently for a few moments, then all was still forever.

Saturday evening a friend of the family arrived at the Barracks and announced to the young soldier the sad news of his mother's death. That night he left for home, to attend his mother's funeral yesterday.

We have often heard of death from excess of joy at some sudden news; but, in this case, the mother was partially prepared for the good tidings. Yet when there could be no longer room to doubt that her beloved son was really coming home, it was more than her physical frame could endure. It yielded to the higher emotional or spiritual nature. Oh! who can measure the depth and intensity of a mother's love?

—[Ohio Statesman.]

ANTIDOTE FOR A MAD DOG BITE.—Take immediately warm vinegar or tepid water; wash the wound clean therewith and then dry it; then pour on a few drops of hydrochloric acid, because mineral acids, destroy the poison of the saliva, by which means the latter is neutralized.

SKINNING CATTLE.—There is a butchering establishment in Paris where the hides are taken off from the animals by means of air compressed by a force-pump in a cast iron cylinder until it has a pressure of three or four atmospheres. One or more flexible tubes, fitted with cocks, pass from the cylinder to the slaughter-house. The extremity of one of these tubes is inserted in a small opening made in the haunch of the slaughtered animal, and the compressed air is turned by means of the cock. The hide is then separated with the greatest ease, and little or no exertion on the part of the working man; and it is not in the least distorted or strained. A sheep by this means may be skinned in one minute, a calf in two and a horse in five.

SECRETARY SEWARD is perhaps the ablest statesman now living. Few will ever know how valuable have been his services to the country the last four years. The trained diplomats of Europe have been constrained to yield to his superior ability. A weaker man to conduct our foreign affairs might have enabled the secessionists to array the most powerful nations of Europe in arms against us, and in that way have destroyed our government. The English editors are very sensitive in regard to the way things have been conducted between the two countries as they feel that the superior talent has been on our side. As the American Kearsage sunk the Alabama, so has Mr. Seward humbled the pretensions of Great Britain to superior diplomatic ability.

CLINTON BURBRIDGE.—This devil-may-care young blade, whose adventures in the rebel service have been of the most romantic character, was sent up to Pike county a day or two ago to be tried for a murder committed at the time he made a raid upon the town of Louisiana. Judge Fagg, of the Pike Circuit Court, was a passenger on the same boat that took Burbridge up, and Clinton told the Judge that he knew he would be hard on him, and he intended to apply for a change of venue to St. Louis county. His application was granted, and he was sent back to this city and is now in jail awaiting his trial. He has been in confinement so long that he seems indifferent about what becomes of him, and is as reckless and free in conversation as when he fought at Wilson's Creek, or galloped into the suburbs of Louisiana at the head of a handful of followers.—[Mo. Democrat.]

Go FORWARD.—The steamboat going up against a powerful current will, if the steam be shut off immediately, begin to retrograde—the current will begin to bear it back—so will its own gravitation, until it becomes unmanageable, and drifts against the rocks or ledges on a bar. The Christian life, the same as this, is all the way up stream against powerful opposing forces—the world, the flesh, and the devil. No one can make headway without constant, persevering personal effort, and the assistance of the Holy Spirit. This, as with the steam that moves the boat, is the motive power. With this alone can we make advance in the divine life.

NEWSPAPER PUFFS.—The "local" of one of our country exchanges gives the following schedule of tolls for the benefit of those who need and seek after "puffs":

For a modest puff	8 juleps.
A tolerably good one	1 box cigars.
A good one	1 pair boots.
A very good one	1 vest and 2 shirts.
A "splendid" one	1 cloth coat.
A perfect sockdolager	a whole suit.

We are "open to conviction" on each of the above heads, except the first. Some people hereabouts, seem to think that an editor's brains are cheap stuff. We don't second their notion, however. —[Wheeler Times.]

THE New York Times has the following in regard to the position occupied by President Johnson on negro suffrage: "We have very little doubt that upon this subject he entertains the same opinion as the great body of judicious and reflecting persons throughout the country, namely, that distinctions in political rights and franchises should no longer be based on distinctions of color, but that in every State negroes should be allowed to vote upon the same conditions and under the same circumstances as whites."

A POLITE young lady recently asserted that she had lived near a barn-yard, and that it was impossible for her to sleep in the morning, on account of the outcry made by a "gentleman hen."